

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SOUL'S DESIRE
Let me but live my life from year to year.
With forward face and unreluctant soul;

THE ART OF REPROVING

When we speak a word of admonishment or reproof, it should be spoken in the right spirit, and manner.

SELF RELIANCE

If possible find something to do without depending upon others. Anything, anything is to be doing, if it only keeps soul and body together for a while.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS

Science as it is today is arrayed against Revelation. To go forth into this unbelieving world as the defenders of Christ's Revelation without a hand of knowledge, and without being able to use it with tongue and pen, were a crime.

THE BIG IDEA

A man is not a success in life till a dominant purpose takes hold of him, to which all other procedures and measures and all the powers of his being are subordinated.

It is so easy to drift with the crowd, to accept what each day brings, to throw the sop of complacency to conscience, to admit that circumstances have mastered us.

But if we give room and chance to the same driving impulse, life is no longer the same. As it is in life it is in the world of business.

A life is transformed when it has found the spur, the incentive that it needs. A man who dawdled and was indifferent wakes up; he fairly comes to life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE IMMORTAL BOOK

We search the world for truth; we cull The good, the pure, the beautiful, From graveh stone and written scroll.

THE GOAL

His name was Art Shea. He knew that much about himself. He knew also that he once had a kind mother and that he lived in a house surrounded by velvety lawns where it was fun to play.

How he came to such a pass was all a blank to Art Shea. He had learned to sell papers, to live on a few pennies' worth of food from a cheap lunch counter, to sleep in any convenient shelter he could discover.

One day, it was springtime in the country, Art's work was over for an hour or so and he crawled into a box car and snuggled up for a little rest. The youngster must have been awfully tired for the car in which he lay asleep was put into a long line of empty freights and hurried westwards.

It seemed an age, but it was only a few minutes before the train began to slow up, the brakes hissed on, and Art was able to drop from the car and look about him.

One or two houses and a grain elevator some distance up the track was all the signs of life he could discover. Perhaps there was a town on the other side of the track, he would crawl between the cars and try the other side. Just then the train gave a jerk and began to move.

But Art had fought his way on in life before this, so now he would try again. A slight boyish figure he was as he leaped up the track towards the station.

"Hello, youngster, where did you come from?" sang out a great bearded westerner as Art reached the station platform.

Then the whole story came out. The stranger became interested, forgot all about the goods he had come to bring over to his store.

"I'll tell you what Art, the city isn't a good place anyway. What do you say to living right here in Sheldon. You can help around the store and my folks can find room for one more."

The offer sounded like a business proposition and Joe Burns meant it so. He saw that the little fellow was used to business and he spoke as man to man.

Art thought for a moment, recollected his friends of the railroad yards and then looked about him. Sheldon was only a handful of houses and—, but the great sweet smelling country appealed to him, he never knew that the world was so large and bright.

"Please sir, thank you—I—I— would be glad to stay with you." The offer was accepted, the contract closed, Art Shea had a home. It is hardly worth while to tell of the following days. Art found a mother in Mrs. Burns and his quick, ready feet were on the go to try and repay his new-found friends.

The most interesting thing to Art, however, was the mysteries of the country. Everything was new to him. He had dropped into another, a beautiful world. The horses, chickens, crops, the wild flowers and above all the great sweeping prairie, all were wonders of delight to the town boy.

The Burns' family were Catholics, but there was no church near Sheldon where they could hear Mass and they depended on the occasional visits from Father Shea, who lived nearly thirty miles away, over in Blackstone.

If it was two weeks after Art's arrival that Father Shea drove into Sheldon. "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Burns. How's the family, Nellie, Jim, Joe, all of them and first of course, the good wife, how is she? But—hello, who is this?" as Art came into the store.

"I am working for Mr. Burns. I came from Omaha and Mr. Burns told me I could stay." Father Shea was taken at once with the manly straight-forward little fellow.

"And your name, my boy?" "Art Shea, sir." "Shas, why that's my name, maybe we are relations." The priest broke into a hearty laugh but continued more seriously.

"I had a brother living in Kansas City but about three years ago. I lost all trace of him. Our correspondence was poorly kept up even before that, I suspect he was rather negligent of his religion. I wonder if by any chance this little fellow could be his son? No, not likely, but somehow I felt strangely drawn towards the little chap. He even looks like my brother John."

The conversation continued and the outcome was that Father Shea decided to go to Omaha himself and make inquiries; nothing to be said to Art, however, until, perhaps, his relationship was established.

Days slipped into weeks before the busy old missionary got a chance to make the trip. In the meanwhile Art had grown to love his home and, also, to be loved by all his new friends. His gentility of manners which he had never lost altogether more than ever asserted itself and this combined with knowledge he was acquiring of the religio that was his birthright expanded and broadened his mind and tended to make him quiet and thoughtful beyond his years.

"Art, I have a story to tell you I know you will be glad to hear it," Father Shea had just come back from Omaha.

"Art, I've been to Omaha and have good news; your father was my dear brother John. I'm your uncle, Art." For a moment the boy stood, scarce comprehending the meaning of what Father Shea said. And then the truth came home. His eyes filled with long pent up tears, he had found his relations and he could lean towards someone.

Art remained for some time with the Burns family; Father Shea had no home, the saddle was his home, and he could not wish a better home than his nephew had.

Father Shea was by no means a young man and the wear and tear of a missionary's life had well nigh worn him out. A severe attack of illness came and when he was on his feet again Father Shea was no longer strong enough to use the saddle or even to drive.

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"Art, would you be willing to give up your good home and help me? I am too weak to get around alone any more." The plan had come to him before but Father Shea did not like to ask the sacrifice.

"Sure Father, that will be just great: I'll be with you the whole time then, won't I?" And so it came that Art Shea lived in the buggy, driving from hamlet to village, from village to town, living the life of a missionary. Those days were never forgotten by Art—driving over the wind-swept prairie, his uncle at his side.

Sunshine and zephyrs were not always to be met with and often in the bleak, bitter winter Art would be almost frozen during their trips, but he never complained, the spirit of an apostle seemed to have come into him and he was almost as eager as his uncle for the seeking of Christ's wandering sheep.

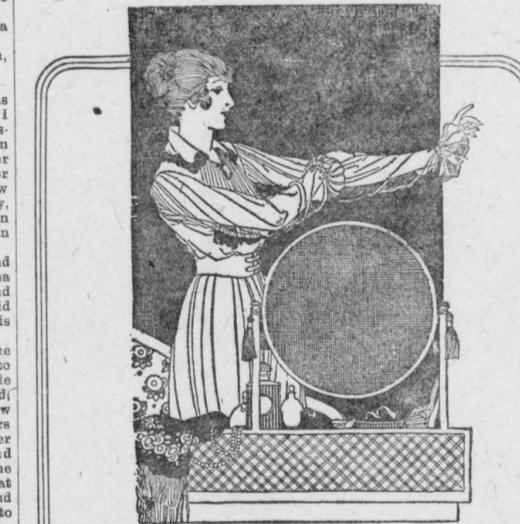
It was early spring once more, the last snow had vanished, but the great spring rains were holding away. Art and his uncle had arrived at Sheldon and were stopping with the Burns family. Father Shea had been unwell all winter and now his strength seemed ebbing quickly away. He needed a complete rest.

A rider splashed into Sheldon through the terrible mud and came at once to the Burns home. "Father, Mrs. Holmes is dying, she has begged to see you," the man explained his errand but when he saw the weak condition the priest was in he was sorry he had spoken.

Mr. Burns, Art, and a few others who happened to be present tried to dissuade Father Shea from going. It was ten miles; the roads were terrible; he was sick and must die of exposure; he owed it to his flock to stay.

All excuses were vain; Father Shea had heard the trumpet call of duty and he would respond. Sadly Art harnessed the team, helped the Father in and they set out. The roads were at times almost covered with water, a steady rain beat down on them and a piercing wind caused even young Art to tremble with the cold.

At last, however, the journey was made and Father Shea arrived in time to prepare another soul for a happy eternity. Scarcely had Mr. Holmes died than Father Shea took to bed and two days later he died, a martyr to his Master's cause. Once again Art stood alone in the world. His uncle, whom he had



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